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MILLANDENGINES

Spring Harrows, Ha, etc. Mention thu paper, Corn Planters, Shellers, etc. Mention thu paper, HENCH & DROMGOLD, Mirs., York, Pa,

O MOANING SEAL

All day I hear the meaning of the sea, All night it sobs and sighs complainingly. O sea! O cad and solemn sea! Hast then some secret grief like me?

O mouning sea, what is thy hidden ill, The secret grief that doth thy bosom fill? Tell unto me thy hidden ill, And mine to thee, O sea, I will!

Thou answer'st not, O sea, but moanest on The same from dawn to eve, from eye to

he same rom dawn, dawn,
Thou canst not voice thy hidden ill
And I must keep mine hidden still!

—C. D. Stuart in New York Ledger.

THE YOUNG CRIPPLE.

She was the youngest but one of a family of eight. Physically her life was and could be nothing save one long crucifixion. Crippled and deformed, there stretchions in the country of the ion. Crippled and deformed, there stretched behind her a record of suffering, before her the prospect of greater torture still. Nature had used her cruelly, for while her puny and misshapen frame inspired ridicule, or at best shuddering pity, she had been dowered with a capacity for affection that burned itself into fiercer intensity waiting the love that never came.

waiting the love that never came.

Misunderstood, she had gradually retreated into a little world of her own, with nothing to love. Nothing? There was her violin, but that could hardly be considered apart from Ida's own individuality. It was her violin that expressed more elo-quently than herself could ever have done quently than herself could ever have done the loneliness and the lovelessness of her life. How many heart conceived tragedies had throbbed harmlessly away upon its vibrating strings! How many delirious day dreams had groped their way from her inner consciousness into exhibitating life through that medium which faithfully in-

terpreted all her varying moods!
"It speaks for me," she once confessed
to the old doctor who understood her better than any one else. "What other people feel they can explain in words, but I seem to have no power of expression except through my violin."

Dr. Marshall was silent for a moment.
Then he asked presently, "Did you ever hear my boy Austin pluy?"
Ida shook her head. She had heard no one. Her morbid consciousness of infirm-

ities prevented her from attending any public concert, and Austin Marshall, as she knew, was a professional violinist of repute.

"You ought to hear him. They tell me his execution is remarkably good, and besides gentuses like you two ought to know each other. I'll tell you what I'll do," he added kindly. "I'll bring him round one evening to see you, if you like, when he isn't busy."

Not many days claused ere the doctor.

Not many days clapsed ere the doctor Not many days clapsed ere the doctor kept his promise, and Austin Marshall, tall and strong, held the small, wasted hand of the diminutive musician and wen-dered the while how the perfect soul his father had described had managed to find itself in that misshapen little body. And, later on, when Ida had completely astound-old him with how randshing of Doceat's ed him with her rendering of Dvorak's "Romance"—wild, intense and heart-breaking—he told himself that such a thing was monstrous. Here was an unte-tored genius, beside whom himself woul into comparative insignificance doomed by nature to perpetual solitude while, Orpheuslike, she sought by her music to charm into life the rocks and

"You want some lessons to correct a few technical errors," he said at last, "and then you ought to be able to hold your own at Queen's hall or St. James' with the best of them. If I could believe in the transmigration of souls, I would swear the lost soul of some repentant sinner is imprisoned in your violin."

He sucks with the generous enthesis.

He spoke with the generous enthusiasm of genius. Mere talent is sparing of praise

and begrudges success "I can never play in public," she answered briefly, with a painful flush that testified to her sensitive recognition of physical defeats.

physical defects.
"Ida on a public platform! Why, they'd never see her!" interpolated a joyial elder brother, which the brutal candor admiring brother, which the orutal candor admiring friends had sometimes mistaken for framk geniality. "We call her the Diminished Seventh," he added, with a conscious smile that betrayed the originator of the

questionable pleasantry.

Poor Diminished Seventh! She winced as from a blow, and Austin, with the intention of covering her confusion, observed with ready tact:

"I suppose because the miner harmon-"I suppose because the minor harmonics are most perfect and least understood."

The retort was so sudden and so unexpected that for once the wag of the family was left speechless and not quite certain whether some disguised slur on himself had not been subtly introduced, while Ida, feating yample that these for words had feeling vaguely that those few words had sealed a compact of eternal friendship be-tween Austin Marshall and herself, took up her violin again and dashed into a wild and characteristic Hungarian air, whose reckiess jubilance was shadowed by an underlying vein of sadness. And when at last the music was all over she crept to her

last the music was all over she crept to her room up stairs, marveling that the book of life, with its multitudinous possibilities, had never been opened to her at the enchanting page of friendship.

That evening was but the forerunner of many similar. Scarce a day passed without Austin Marshall contriving to spend some time with the deformed musician, and as the days hapsed into weeks, and the weeks into months, it was noted that when Ida played alone her airs were more romantic than before. And even her unmusical family became infected with their gayety. Her mother, who frequently alleged she could enjoy good music as much as any one, if she could only get it, was cheered to the verge of joyful anticipation, for who knew that Ida might not attain the supreme height of inspiring attain the supreme height of inspiring dance music, such as her mother loved, and abandon forever those ghoulish wails she said were classical

she said were classical.

But when the old doctor noticed the change he shook his head in apprehension, while tears of pity filled his eyes. His profession had trained him to read the longings of the heart as well as the infirmities of the tenement it inhabited, and if all he thought and dreaded were true— Had thought and dreaded were true— Had things been different! If Ida had not been distinctly isolated by nature from the sweetest gifts life can hold!

sweetest gifts life can hold!

And one evening came the crisis the good doctor feared.

"I shall miss all this dreadfully when I'm away," Austin said as he turned over a pile of music for a particular duet.

"I'm going north in a day or two, you know. Didn't I tell you?" he added, answering the unspoken question.

"Nextautumn, when I am back again," he said presently, feeling yaguely that

he said presently, feeling vaguely that something was wrong, "we shall have some more pleasant evenings together, I

Ida spoke not. For a moment she was conscious of naught save a terrible sense of absolute despair and a curious buzzing in her head, like the repeated twang of the

G string. Going away—and until the autumn! Why, by that time she might be dead and buried! She looked round vacantly, as one gropes blindly in the dark for some familiar object. She tried to speak, but the words refused to come. Something like a dry sob rose and was strangled in her thront. Then, without a single word, she took her bow again and drew it softly across the vibrating strings. Austin looked up in momentary surprise. Then he sat spellbound, while she played the weird "Romance" of Svendsen's, once heard never forgotten.

the weird "Romance" of Svendsen's, once heard never forgotten.

He had heard it played by more than me finished musician, but this was a different rendering. It was like the despairing cry of a lusty swimmer failing near the shore, or the wail of a lost soul striving to escape from the sea of torture and driven back by a host of fallen angels. In those strains he read her heart as plainly as though speech had passed between them. He knew the bitterness of her life, he saw the vista gray and barren before her, and when the last note died away he learned when the last note died away he learned in a brief glance from Ida's eyes all the strange discords had not confessed. It was but for an instant, for in the

next, overcome by the strong excitement she had just experienced, the bow slid helplessly from her nerveless fingers, and she fainted.

she fainted.

Symptoms of little moment in an ordinary person might in her case prognosticate the worst, and any new phase, however slight, was at once submitted to medical opinion. In the present instance, as she failed to respond readily to the customary treatment, Austin hastened for his father while she was carried to her room. She had overexerted herself with her music was the general explanation of the selevier. was the general explanation of the seizure, and this was what the doctor was told when he answered the hasty summons. In a brief space, however, she yielded to his restoratives, and before he left the house she had dropped into a sleep quiet and

For some time father and son went homeward in silence. Then the doctor

For some time father and son went homeward in silence. Then the doctor asked abruptly:

"Does Ida know you are going away?"

"I told her this evening," Austin answered, and in some confusion, as he recalled the way she had received the news.

"Ah, that accounts for it!" said the old man, as though speaking to himself.

"Yes; do I know what?"

"Well—I think—that is, I'm afraid—that Ida"—He stopped short, for the confession was alike tender and humilating. But his father, who had feared such a contingency well nigh from the first, understood what had been left unsaid.

"I know, Austin, I know. But what is to be done? The friendship that you have felt for her—that she believes she has felt for you—has been the one bright spot in her life. Seventeen years old and 17 years of perpetual martyrelom. Do you know how long I give her to live?"

"I suppose that when she's 21"— Austin began, but the doctor cut him short.

"I suppose that when she's 21"— Austin began, but the doctor cut him short.
"If she lives to see the spring," he said gravely, "I shall be surprised."

The young man was carried

young man was startled, even l. There was silence between them for a few moments; then the doctor said, with hesitation:

"Austin, I suppose you would not think of putting off your visit to the Harrisons? I know Marian expects you, but I think if she knew the pleasure you would be giving that poor child whose days are numbered she would be the first to bid you stay. In a case like this there can be no question of disloyalty to her. And, Austin, if you can, for heaven's sake let her still believe that she has found the affection she has craved all her life. The deception won't be for long, and it will comfort her more in her last struggles than I or the entire college of physicians could 'Austin, I suppose you would not think for the entire college of physicians could hope to do with all the science that the world has ever known."

Five weeks later, in Ida's bedroom, a

Five weeks later, in Ida's bedroom, a thin ribbon of spring sunshino had strug-gled through a crevice of the window blind and lay a bright streak across the floor. Outside, the garden was cheerful with the song of birds and the rustling of leaves. Inside sat the little cripple propped up with pillows, her pitiful vitality burn-ing itself slowly away. ing itself slowly away.

She know she was dying, but the knowledge brought her no fear. Perhaps she believed that if eternity held for her worse tortures than she bad yet endured she had served on earth an apprenticeship to pain long enough to fit her for it. Perhaps Austin Warshell's Austin Marshall's companionship and sympathy during the last few weeks were making the end comparatively easy. At any rate, when the door was opened quietly and he looked in, violin in hand, she greeted him with a grateful smile.

"Like to have some music?" he asked cheerfully, though he was pained to mark each day how her hold on life was weakening. "What shall I play?"

"Give me mine," she said suddenly, "and we'll play together."

The violin lay, as usual, on the table close by, but Austin hesitated.

"If you really feel equal to the exertion," he began, and then, answering the command in her eyes, he passed it to her without another word.

With translations

With tremulous fingers she drew her bow across the strings, and recognizing in the opening notes her favorite, "Lied," by Schubert, Austin softly followed, and in a moment was so absorbed he scarce noticed how her bowing became gradually weaker, until it faltered and stopped just before the concluding bars. He looked up in sud-den apprehension. Surely her face had not worn that strange gray shadow just be-

She did not move.

She did not move.

"Ida, what is the matter? What is it?"
She opened her eyes, but they fell on him without a gleam of recognition. Then she dropped them on the violin she was still holding. A faint smile rested for a moment on her lips. With an unsteady hand she mechanically raised her bow. Then, with one chord—that of the dimensional swenth, it drapped from her reminished seventh—it dropped from her re-laxing hold, but not before Austin had involuntarily concluded the phrase, so that the diminished seventh was resolved into perfect harmony.—Black and White.

Fairy Stories.

Some girls put away their dolls and their fairy books long before they wish to give them up because some one says, "You are too old for such things." That is all nonsense. There are gonuine fairy stories with no hint of a moral which are the delicts of the delight of every one who loves good literature. The word love is used purpose-ly instead of like, for those of us who love ly instead of like, for those of us who love literature feel that the characters are real, and many of them are cherished friends. The next time you long for fairy stories and fear that you will be laughed at go to the library and get Hawthorne's "Wonder Book." Read it in full sight of those who condemn fairy tales. Coax them to look to to t. You will probably not be allowed to have it again for a long time—not till the one who took it has read it at least 'twice over.''—Brooklyn Eagle.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

New York Stock Market.

New York. Sept 12.—The feature of to day's stock market was as on the previous day, exceptionally irregular. The volume of outnoss showed a sprinkage, as compared with that of Wednesday of about 125,000 shares, but the dealings were relatively well distributed. Rumors of a probable new government loan in the near future and the continued strength of the exchange market had especially depressing offects. The market opened irregular, but the initial changes were unimportant, except Tennessee coal, which started 1 per cent. higher. Shortly after the opening a drive was made at the Grangers, carrying that group down New York, Sept 12.—The feature of after the opening a drive was made at the Grangers, carrying that group down 1/2 to 1½ per cent. The general list sympathized from 1/2 to 3 per cent. the last in Southern Railway, preferred. About 11:30 a raily started, chiefly under cover of shorts, and prices recovered from 1/2 to 2 per cent, the last in Tennessee coal. In the final dealings realizing sales took the edge off the improvement and fractional declines occurred. The closing was weak with curred. The closing was weak with general net losses. Closing stocks were as follows:

Closing stocks were as follows:
Atchison, 20%; Adams Express, 147;
Baltimore and Ohlo, 65%; Chesapeake
and Ohio, 20%; Chicago, Burlington and
Quincy, 87%; Chicago, Burlington and
Quincy, 87%; Chicago, Burlington and
Quincy, 87%; Chicago, Burlington and
Catthe Feeders Co., 18%; 4Erie, 9; Erie
preferred, 22%; Great Northern preferred, 127; Lake Shore, 149%; Lead
Trust, 34%; Louisville and Nashville,
63%; National Cordage, 6%; National
Cordage preferred, 13; N. J. Central,
113; Norfolk and Western preferred,
14%; Northern Pacific preferred, 18¼;
Northwestern, 103%; Northwestern preferred, 146; N. Y. Central, 103; N. Y.
and New England, 55; Pacific Mail,
32%; Pullman Paisce, 173%; Reading,
19%; Rock Island, 79%; St. Paul, 75%;
St. Paul and Omaha, 43%; Southern
Pacific, 24%; Sugar Refinery, 11;
Union Pacific, 15; Western Union,
93%; General Electric, 38; Southern
12%; Southern preferred, 39%; Tobacco,
95%; Tobacco preferred, 107. 95%; Tobacco preferred, 107.

Chicago Market.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Sept. 13.—A change came over the spirit of the wheat market today and it closed with an improvement of %per bushel. It was due in part to reports from the northwest that shipping wheat receipts were diminishing quite materially, and partly in the strength as compared with the Chicago's recent weakness of all the other winter wheat markets. Corn closed with little change. Oats % higher and provisions at moderate advances.

The leading futures ranged to-day as

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The leading futures ranged to-day as follows.

Wheat, No. 2—September, opening, 551%, closing 561%; December, opening, 573%@57%, closing, 571%@57%; May, opening, 613%@613%, closing, 613%@62%, closing, 613%@62%, closing, 30%; December, opening, 20%@30%, closing, 31; October, opening, 27%; closing, 27%; May, opening, 28%, closing, 28%. Oats No. 2—September, opening, 19%; October, opening, 18@18%, closing, 10%; October, opening, 18@18%, closing, 183%; May, opening, 20%, coosing, 20%. Mess pork, per bbl.—Ostober, opening, 8.25; January, opening 940, closing, 8.25; January, opening 940, closing, 9.47%, Lard, per 100 lbs.—October, opening, 5.80, closing, 5.85; January, opening, 5.82%. Short ribs, per 100 lbs.—October, opening, 5.80, closing, 5.87%; January, opening, 4.80, closing, 5.37%; January, opening, 4.80, closing, 4.87%. Cash quotations were as follows:

Cash quotations were as follows:
Flour easy; winter patents, 3.90@
4.00; straights, 3.40@3.92; spring patents,
3.90@4.25; bakers, 2.10@3.50; No. 2
spring wheat, 56¼@56½; No. 3 spring
wheat, 54½@57; No. 2 red, 56¼@56½;
No. 2 corn, 31½@31½; No. 3 yellow, 31½.
No. 2 corn, 31½@31½; No. 2 white, 21@21½;
No. 3 white, 21½; No. 2 rye, 37; No. 2
barley, nominal; No. 3, 32@42; No. 4,
31@35; No. 1 flaxseed, 91½; prime
timothy seed, 4 10; mess pork, per bbl.,
8 25; lard, per 100 lbs., 5 33½; short
ribs sides, 6 (locse), 5 35@5 40; dry
salted shoulders (boxed) 5½; short
clear sides, (boxed), 6@6½; whiskey, distillers' finished goods per gallon, 1 22; sugars, cut loaf, 5.25; granulated, 4.62; standard A, 4.50.

Cinclanati Froduce Market. Cash quotations were as follows:

Cincinnati Produce Market.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Sept. 12.—Flour dull and easy. Wheat firm; No. 2 red, 62%; receipts, 3,400; shipments, 7,000. Corn dessier; No. 2 mixed, 34%. Oats active demand; No. 2 mixed, 22%. Rye nominal; No. 2, 42 Lard firmer; 5,70@5.75 Bulk meats firm; 5,50. Bacon firm: 6,75 Rutter, steady, Sugar, con firm; 6 75. Butter steady. Sugar active demand, firm. Eggs quiet; 12c. Cheese fair demand, easier Whiskey steady; sales 533 barrels, 1 22.

New York Money Market.

New York Sept. 12.—Money on call easy at 1 per cent. last loan 1, closed 1½ per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3½ (65½ per cent. Sterling exchange dull and firm with actual business in bank ers' bills at 4.90@4.90½ for demand and 4.80@4.80½ for sixty days; posted rates, 4.80@4.90 and 4.90@491. Commercial bills, 4.88½. Silver certificates, 67½ (67½. Government bonds lower. State bonds inactive. Railroad bonds firm.

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sale by the Chas Lyle Drug Co.

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—in telegraphic reports." (N. Y. Sun.) So all washing and cleaning is easy, quick and safe—if you believe what the peddlers and some grocers tell you about certain washing powders. Now, you can test the ease and the quickness very soon. But the safety—that is another thing. You can't prove that to yourself without a long, and perhaps expensive and disastrous, trial.

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